

The wind sobs; the sea moans in quiet agony.

The sun fades in the muted blueness

A storm's birth.

Shivering man, alone and untried;

A juxtaposition.

There are no cosmopolitan forums for me,

A Sylvan silence, interrupted only

by the quickening flow of waters passing by us
and them.

These moments, like the waters are shared, a new forum of light,

love, and living,

for those downstream absorb the serenity for it is a gift.

You too can pass on the gift

As the waters ever grow,

As love ever grows,

As this moment becomes a part of all growth.

Share this new forum.

Siskiyou

August 11, 1981

These hills, these valleys, these mountains,
These are the images that I think of as me;
And now I share me with you.
Look and in the vistas where there was one,
There are two.

Siskiyou

August 11, 1981

Come across my bridge,
Join me on the other side,
There are my moments to be lived,
Please join with the man untried.

Siskiyou

August 11, 1981

One, Two?

There was always one before there were Two.

Somehow one got lost, perhaps inside of Two.

Now one must become a seeker and find who one is

without Two.

Maybe Two wasn't, but if Two wasn't, where did one go?

The Modern Nazi

In the wilderness, man almost never seems to be lightfooted.

He stomps and leaves deep prints.

Moccasins gone; ballet slippers inappropriate -

no light footfall.

Man gosesteps and his jackboots sink deep into the land.

We hallow not the forests, but try to raze and soon,

we see a desolation.

We are invaders marching thru, stomping and destroying a

country lightly touched by animals.

We leave our refuse; we leave charred ruins; we leave destruction;

we war on nature.

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Coyote

Night so bright it could be day.

Full moon and the hunter is cheated.

The quarry walks in a moist crystalline clearness.

And with the sun's newness the pack will scatter
and sleep the fitful sleep of the hungry.

The sun is dulled by a fog film as it buries itself in
the sea,

And it seems as though I alone mourn the passing of day
and the coming of night.

The light dims and the partners darkness and loneliness
begin to enter my life.

The ocean swallows the embers of day though I plead for
one more remaining moment.

But the inevitable happens and there is no offered gift
of natural light.

My horizons become the windows, and my loneliness once
again threatens to engulf me.

No glow or warmth from any fire eases the pain of darkness.

Once again alone and enshrouded by night.

Damn I miss you and damn you for not loving enough.

The Wind Whirler

Ever seen a dust devil, the whirling dervish that silently arrives from nowhere, dances briefly across a new plowed field and then vanishes?

Ever seen a tornado that seems to pull the horizons inward and then like a cornocopeia gone mad reverse the bounty and throw towns thru funnel top?

Ever seen the drifting chimney smoke suddenly take form and as if sculpted become a wispy dancer pirouetting across the sky?

If you've seen any of these, you've seen the Wind Whirler, the errant and mischievous brother of the compass winds.

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There are poems about the process of poetry,
Asking the questions: Where do they come from and Why now?
There are no answers; they come (the poems) because,
Simply because

The Beachcomber

Arrayed with the garbage that washed up on the beach are
the once live things:

the sandcrabs that once burrowed,

the vella vella that once sailed,

the sea birds that once searched,

the seals that once dove deep,

the sea lions that once broke crested waves.

And every now and then, amidst the garbage, there is a
someone who once was, a someone who watched the sun
set from gilded steel and then leaped into oblivion.
To the beachcomber, drift things are always different.

A Hymn

A Hymn is not a him.

A Hymn is a reverant song to be remembered in
hallowed places where echoes have halos.

A him is someone weak who often masquerades:

A dressed up clown who pathetically "struts
and frets his hour upon the stage" and then falls down.
Who told him, the poor idiot, to try and sing his song?

13
1 - 1 minus 1, 1982

A miniature era ended at 0430, 1-1-82.

No one answered and perhaps a new life began for two,
because of one.

The call, a greeting perhaps, no, without question,
an expression of mourning.

One small puppy gone.

No solace, not for the puppy nor for the love lost in
the early morning hours.

Come back puppy to a better life offering you more strength;

And love come again with more tenacity.

But at this fading moment Love, I confess I loved you.

And puppy you tried and I tried and I'm sorry,
and I loved you.

But like love you were fragile, and like love you died
for your fragility.

One tiny puppy, living, struggling and dying within the
confines of a miniature era.

A Loss unnoticed in time, except by one.

To No One About No One

Tahiti, a mythical name that conjures up a vision colored
by shades of green and blue,

A brilliant portrait of lush rain forests, of clear atolled
waters, of sunsets that burn the skies, and where passions are
awakened by the noon day sun.

A scene of serenity for most, but for me there's something
missing in the picture:

You won't be there and perhaps that explains my reluctance
to leave for this imagined paradise.

Easily I'd trade my leaving for some time spent with you
in a small cabin lost within the shadow of China Mountain.

But you never spoke, you never came to me, so I'll take my
unanswered love with me and I'll be alone even though,

I'd rather be with you, listening to a small creek run past,
far from a world that captures time that rightfully should have
belonged to us.

Instead you chose some alien world where I don't belong,
where I can't seem to fit.

So whomever you are, where ever you are, after Tahiti, I'll look
for you again in some new dimension and maybe there I'll belong, maybe
then I'll fit;

Maybe

Le Club Moorea

Beads of sweat brings

Beads for beer

Brings beads of sweat neath Tahitian skies.

Round beads, round the world and around back to

Beads of sweat.

Children who aren't children,

Parented by adults who are children.

A paradox of reversals, where

Jordache Klein and Sasoon

are names borne on tight asses

and on not so tight asses.

No role images, a tradition gone and in place:

Simultaneous races, the woman running from sag and cellulite

towards unreachable youth;

the girl outrunning her years and childhood in a

race towards womanhood.

Races without winners, awards of disappointment and self destruction.

One growing up too fast and the other refusing to submit to age;

Against Chronos, who can win?

Young eyes masked in shades and colors that make the age uncertain;

A young body that has hardly known the flow of blood, and

the wealth of growing up is lost.

Instead of dolls, there are children, and

The older eyes ignore and run;

Flabby asses in too tight jeans dictate morals to tight asses

in too tight jeans.

Blind racers both.

Where Gold Will Gather

It gathers in crevices at the bottom of fast moving streams.

It lies hidden beneath ancient boulders surfaced smooth
by the spring run-off of winter snows.

Men hold that Gold is precious, but nature too holds it
to be precious and makes the finding difficult.

Once it's found there is jubilation and a rare gleam comes
to the eye reflecting the glitter of Gold, that heavy
metal that shines even in the shadow cast by tall trees.

The analogy exists that there is a kinship between gold and
love and poetry.

Like Gold, love too is a rare and precious thing.

It's not easily found because it's often hidden within the
concreted canyons of cities. And like placer Gold that
is constantly moved by flooding waters, the person who
could be loved moves within the constant flow of the city.

A seeker overlooks a crevice and a fortune is lost.

And too, there is iron pyrite everywhere, a look alike, and
like "Fool's Gold," there is "Fool's Love," a momentary
mistake made before the seeker recognizes the imitation.

And then there are the pyrite poems that seemingly glitter,
and then prove to be valueless.

But, if you the seeker look long enough, there are nuggets to
be found.

And Gold, like love and poetry, can be found if one looks long
enough and hard enough in places where precious things are
hidden, in places not often seen,
in the treasured places,
where Gold will gather.

Even among poor players there are kings,
A someone who has loved and been loved in return,
And for those few moments in time felt a royalty in life.
Look at the hobo and the derelict, both wearing now
misshapened crowns, coronets tarnished and worn by the years.
But they have their remembrances, their own stories of a
love once lived.
Reserve your judgement and don't pity the poor player;
He may be just a king in exile!

No Sounds

There are times when I feel like a Benjy,
An inarticulate voyeur peering at the shapes,
That seem to pass as in a vision.
Maybe I'm even less than a Benjy, for I have
no Caddy for a reference.
But my Jason is the throbbing pressure of every
day living;
And my Quentin the unrealized dreams, the dry
font that yields no water.
Caddy, Caddy, Caddy, give me a voice, set free
from this muted idiocy;
Give my life some meaning, some fury, some
reason for being;
Caddy, don't leave me with a tale untold.

A Bruised Angel

I wish that you had no history,

but you do.

Virginity long gone, the calloused hands of men

before have touched and bruised you.

But love me as though I were something important

in your life and

We'll begin from now, beginning renewed.

Though not young, still guilty of wanting,

of hoping for the elusive something akin

to love that everyone should have.

Wanting it from you when I expected it from no one.

2

Questioning

I asked, "who am I falling in love with?"

I still don't know.

I know the feel of your body; I know your infrequent touch;

I know the sounds that you make in the night.

I've seen your anger rise in some ridiculous fight,

but still I don't know you.

You acknowledge my love, and maybe return it,

but so quickly, so facile, it's hard to discern it.

You've touched me, but have I reached you?

My doubts smother me, are more payments due?

Who am I falling in love with?

On My Account

Lady, you said you were irresponsible:

No credit cards, no checking accounts, only cash and carry.

No overdue bills.

Irresponsible, but on my account I thought you'd be different;

I loved and thought maybe, but no,

a life long pattern was set.

And like an overdue bill, I'm paid carelessly when

impulse dictates.

A commodity in a shoe box with bills pending
payment.

Reflections

We live mirrored lives,
flawed imitations of what life should be.
We settle for less than the real for the mirror lies
and in ignorance we believe.
We sham and practice living,
chasing images and shadows.
Glassed out and dimensioned in,
Alices frozen before the mirror.

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Raw emotions should not require the impertinence of language
for needed expression.

The feelings should be manifested in a consummate form of
energy.

The words not read, but felt; felt by the reader as they
were by the writer/feeler.

Anything less deserves scrutiny; the writing perhaps nothing
more than a genuflection to form,

an asking for recognition for something that should not have
been written;

Pedestrian writing for someone who religiously stops, looks
and listens.

Debts?

It's beginning to seem that each of us is held in bondage to a legacy predetermined by blood.

Patterns repetitive: the drunk begs the drunk, begs the drunk, begs the drunken would be poet.

A destructive self fulfilling prophecy?, a flawed cog in a karmic wheeling of payment for some debt incurred forty lifetimes ago?

Did some Viking sin; did he defile some temple, defy some ancient God?

Why should the males in the line be disinherited from sobriety and normalcy:

An axehandle felling the man and cutting short the span of years; death in a Cutbank bar.

On the other side, a man lost so far back in time that his bitter memory existed only within the mind of a Norwegian swamp woman.

Searching men who abandoned families, jobs and life in quest for something they could not themselves define.

But perhaps now the debt is paid, purged through the generations of men living half lives.

Maybe the suffering of battered and abandoned women and the rejection of centuries of children is payment enough.

And maybe I know; Father you paid and I think I've paid.

The generations lost should be recompense enough, but if not, dead loins insure the end of debt.

26
It is said that it is the simple pleasures that one remembers.

But there's no substance to the homily until,
you find the memory of a pleasureable moment returning
over and over.

There was such a moment with you:

After too many beers, my falling asleep in your lap.
Your sitting up the many hours, probably uncomfortable and
yet unmoving as I slept.

Then my waking up to see you still sitting there, my head
still cradled in your lap.

I was moved by your unmoving and your patience and the
pleasure that it gave me.

Admittedly, a simple pleasure, but one that I'll remember
over and over.

Spring Music

This is the concert I hear:

One conducted by a Concert Master no one sees,

Played by instruments no man touches.

The music, a symphony that's both timeless

and endless.

It is the rain touching my windows and then falling

to be absorbed by the waiting earth.

It is the wind that pushes tall pines, forcing them

to relinquish the seeds of new trees.

It is the quickening waters that flow past, birthed by

the winter snows.

It is the sounds of birds that sense the awakening of

spring and then chorus in the new found warmth.

It is the bleating of spotted fawns born in the

greening manzanita.

It is the soft sounds made by squirrels ~~to be~~ who see

the world from pine high.

It is the warming fire that crackles against the still

cold spring.

All these sounds are discordant notes except to those

who listen; they make up the symphony I hear.

Another spring concerto, not applauded except by those

who listen;

and thankfully Concert Master, I've learned to listen.

The Hobo

One Hobo in a three piece suit, riding on
steel rails that lead nowhere.

The costume masks the vagrant within, the
vagrant searcher who yearns for the
rails to be endless.

But there is always a railhead and always
the train returns.

And always there are mandates for the
three piece suit.

But one day the suit will be tattered and
the captive vagrant set free upon rails
that run on forever; then

One Hobo will smile.

Welling Up

The well must run dry; only so much pain can
exist within the depths.

And I've drawn, and I've drawn and now I'm drawn.

Sered and slaked.

Run dry well and

leave me to thirst.

The Blank Page

Written, and yet unwritten, said, and yet unsaid.

Twenty years and more, of thinking, feeling and
being, but still there is Silence.

No memorials, no monuments, no words to etch the
unscarred stone.

Instead the thoughts imprinted in sand,
awaiting the predictable tide.

Awash and unseen, my words, my thoughts, my
invisible being, my soundless epitath.

A Last Song

The hurt has subsided, the pain near gone,
But the loss remains, through another dawn,
Muted now, but does time heal all?
No, I miss you still, with every nightfall.
To this world I seem, content and whole,
But in reality's light I'm lacking a soul,
My religion was love, my idol,
And lacking that love, there's no choir's recital.
Tones without sound, rythms without beat,
A life without meaning, a song of defeat.
My music has died, this heart's at an end,
And where will I be when I no longer pretend?
Alone in a silence that's bereft of all sound,
Lost religion, lost love, a heaven unfound;
my symphony ends.

A man with no poetry, *no poetical voice*
that ^{calculated from} his hands ~~become~~ the words,
^{and for a proper expression,}
 He cries ~~for the missing words~~
^{then he}
 And builds and thinks:

"These are my words."

I'm sorry, but the syllables of my life
 Are the ^{lines of the world for you} ~~calculus~~, the subject, ~~the meters~~
 and the voices linked by right.

etc

The Portrait

The Woman in the painting, she who was frozen at a moment in time,

Ageless, beautiful, impudent and exasperating.

Not a woman really, but a child who forgot to grow old;

An ageless angel, somehow fallen and yet still searching

for what, she knows not.

A mother, and yet she's still a child not tradition bound.

And who am I as I stare at the painting?

Loving and wanting, though not wanting to be hurt

by the hurt that wanting and loving can cause.

Perhaps it's better to accept the silent beauty that the

painting offers.

After all, how can a painting cause pain?

The Painter

To the Painter who conceptualizes a moment in time and then
captures a fleeing image.

Colors on canvas, feelings and emotions embedded in the fabric
and mortality is once again refuted.

Another conception, another portrait and therefore:

Ageless the painter, for

he lives within the canvas, a part of the pigment, a
haunting shadow within the hues and colors.

And though mortality will claim the man, the painter lives on;
the portrait becomes his immortality,
his living, breathing legacy in color.

Infrequently you hear the strains of a song that makes the blood run quicker and, for the moment the spirit soars.

What happened to that type of song?

Is my blood becoming too congealed or are there fewer soaring songs?

"Firelight"

And the professor said:

"I've read stuff by students who've been drunk or stoned
and it's been shit."

But is it?

The pedantic who would be, but can't,
reviewing the feeler who's reached out and is.

Who's correct?

B+ with annotated notes.

There really are

Ambushed by Artesians, hardly in the door and they've got me.

A salutary hello to the dogs and then "they're" there.

Not with malice, but determined to rescue me from the residue
of work-a-day.

They discern pain and disillusionment and then they know
they're right.

Hello and welcome my Artesian friends.

Two beers on the way to the Protestant ethic,
religiously right.

Aw shit, sidetracked again by eight beers on the way to
modern Nirvana: the late night quiet, temporal and
undemanding.

Sorry Calvin, the intent was there.

Growing Up?

Dumb and blurred images of a childhood that wasn't.
What happened to the fond memories that should have been?
Were there things that were worth remembering?
Were there joys and discoveries, love and happiness?
If there were, the memory of them is gone, or worse,
there were none to remember.

123

What does liquor do for the poem?

Does it shunt away the mediocrity that makes the poem facile,
or does it magnify and therefore rectify the impingements
that sobriety forces upon the creative process?

21
It is at night when the darkness makes my world small,
when the quiet surrounds me;

It is then that I can feel some sense of what loneliness must be:
My thoughts bounce against the walls of my rooms; no human intercepts
them.

They return to me and with each return the thoughts become clearer;
The loneliness transforms the thoughts into words; the words
become the lines, the lines the poem.

You never understood what the word vulnerable meant.

It meant a too long in coming committment;

It meant loving;

It meant hearing all the nuances of loving words;

It meant having a temporal and peaceful contentment;

It also meant feeling fragile and susceptible to all
the hurting words;

It meant seeing gestures timed to cause some measured pain;

It meant, in the end, feeling lost, alone and adrift among
unforgiving waves.

Being vulnerable is surrendering to the currents of love
and then drowning for that surrender,

Unable to swim, with no help forthcoming, with no buoyancy
of spirit,

Moving within tides ever closer to a deathlike aloneness,

Sans love, sans feeling, sans living.

I'm not sure what I expected; I can't even describe the feelings that I had crossing the bridge into Valley City. After 33 years maybe what I wanted was a sense of homecoming, a feeling that the earth I once walked upon remembered me. It didn't and the earth I walked on had been moved; the three houses that I lived in are gone. The third Ave. house is gone; replaced by a newer house although the neighboring houses to the north are still there. The Kindred Hotel is a bank and the house on the river has been replaced by three or four houses that bare no character--vacant lots that I knew are gone; the trestle that spanned the reiver is gone ("Now they back the trains up from the west because there isn't much traffic.")

The depot with it's large wheeled baggage carts is a part of someone else's history; the colors green and yellow don't mark Front Street any more. A cliché, I know, but it does say Mall where the Depot once, to me, at least, sat as something important.

The Sheyenne River no longer is no longer dammed and diked it offers no springtime violence. There are no longer any calls for the sandbags that walled against the floods; emasculated the Great Sheyenne.

My Father tis' of theese--the bars he drank in are mostly gone, but the sons of those he met are still there; they're still nice people drinking in the bars that have no history.

I'll never come back here!

30

Dawn doesn't break; it shatters and the smallest, and most secluded
hiding place in the forest feels the warmth.

The mist, the sigh of a single day world being born and then borne
away. The dew disappears; the clouds of morning only thigh high face the
new sun and die.

Impressions

Nothing really lives in Nevada. The gamblers pass through. Day life is measured by the highway carcasses. In Nevada there is no dead life in the night. Dead days yield dead nights; no rabbits, no deer, skunks, coons, squirrels--only tires--and lots of tires die in Nevada. Tires wait thousands of miles to die in Nevada; they hold belt and cord together until "Welcome to Nevada: and then they die--bloodless litter on a dead Nevada Highway.

Faulknew would have liked the weather that prevailed when I arrived; Cloudy, cool and rainy; absent was the remembered August heat. Instead of swimming weather, there was crying weather.

Farming: no longer an occupation wherein a half section would support a family. Now one tractor, the price of which, would have purchased a fully equipped 1950's farm and equipment, is the norm. A tractor used to be something that you started operating when you were eleven years old. A hat kept the sun and rain out of your eyes. Now they're cabbed, stereoeed, and air conditioned and stand 8 feet from the ground. If the distance from ground to cab keeps increasing, you'll no longer be able to even smell the earth that yields the purchase price of the tractor.

Grantsville

A place where I stopped. At twenty I don't know if I thought:
I think I thought, but I can't verify it now.

A ride offered. A ride taken. "Where are you going?" To a
dude ranch in Wyoming." "Wrong way." Pause. "We're going up through
Idaho." (Their lies dead, but them too.) Fay Gillette of the Toolee
Oounties, his hour upon the stage due now: Roadblock and six hunters
waiting capable of killing but not having killed "the most formidable
game" fight. York was ready; a small gesture moved by Latham toward
York averted the eight at a now dead Utah highway.

Hitchhiking befoer; hitch hiking after--Aapote made them alive--
but still rope-dead in Missouri.

Thirty-four years later at 0130 in the morning, Grantsville is
dead; Fay Gillette is dead; Latham and York are dead; and I'm probably
dying.

47

A circle of string, ring size but with a promise of gold and
I'll remember you even though there was no gold.

32

In North Dakota a blonde is still a blonde. And that's more than
you can say in California.

Never feed the chipmonks in summer: she lives the the winter
too!

And if you feed the chipmonk in summer,
She dies in winter.

50

I am the Unicorn; I am Pegasus.

If you saw me running thru a field or flying thru the sky:

It was not me: I did not touch your life; a myth never
does.

I am as ancient as a dream.

Love the dream, but remember that a horse with wings or a
horn belongs nowhere.

I guess we're all niggers, in a way, or at least most of us:
obeisance, genuflection and sharecropping: everything on loan.

You tenant, to the bank, the house that you live in:

Pacific Stereo really owns the sounds that you hear.

Visa lends you the clothes that you wear.

Bondage: not like before, but in kind, not much different!

You make a deposit on some perverse semblance of freedom, but
for most of your life you're shackled.

Aren't you some kind of nigger?

51

I don't care what sheepman (persons?) say, a coyote pack
at night offers a different and not unpleasing sound. Not a
symphony, but parts of a fugue. And as an aside, unless your
dogs are as big and as mean as a Montana winter, keep them inside;
Coyotes eat the weak and then sing their song.

The man and the bear; both dying, but who dies first.

Jesus: most think he's a man-like being who exists in rarified air. Actually, he's a three story high bottle of J & B Scotch: the J & B for Jesus and Booze.

A pack bear; no different from the ones a thousand tourists feed, but still something.

Dear

I've probably started to write this letter several hundred times,
but I waited for the rain: it rained.

5
A quarter, half dollar and a dollar;

I like the quarter

How much of me is a metaphor?

What do people see? Me or a metaphor? A bill-paying
cornocopeia or a hurting, feeling bundle of bones, flesh and
ebbing life.

5
You've seen me strong;

You've seen me weak;

But you've never really loved me, but I've loved you!

And when I've loved you the autumn colors have been brighter; the
oaks responded to the season and the oranges and reds were
hellish; no one colors the trees: the season marks the year and
I interpret the year and the season.

And I loved you, seeing colors that match the season and it was a
season for loving.

57

Raindrops die in the city,
You never hear them fall.
The concrete kills them,
the garbage dampens their impact.
Only the forest listens to the falling and the cycle.
In the city, the raindrop self destructs and is hammered
by footsteps that transmit no feeling.

51

We are both ageless
Neither youngest or oldest
I've just been dying longer than you.

54

On a piece of earth that's been beaten,
you set a man that's been beaten,
and with harmony and will
there's no gamble
No woman has a good set of nuts to lose.

Reflexes don't die out, we mute them but the poential remains
Like an old dusty guitar
tunes beneath the cracked veneer
waiting to sound for fingers that chord
the yet unplayed melodies.

Wanting to move
Chute broke
Cinch tired.

69

Son of a bitch,
I've been a monkey, a cockroach, a flea
and once a falcon.
And now my turn to get off the wheel;
to be a priest.
Aborted; so much for reincarnation.

12
Be friends with the moon and the way its light plays on the sea

Pain is carnivorous; it should be a toothy hairy animal,
easily recognized; its visitations advertised by form.
A victim should know his visitor by sight instead of feel.
Vistas of pain coming and coming and coming
And then the bite!

64

A poet with champagne thoughts
but possessing a beer-drinking teamster talent.
Comes a conquistador, the maggot.
Someplace where it's warm in winter
Settling where there are no settlers.

5
You said there wasn't anything near here.
You said there were no neighbors.
You said the winters were too cold
You said you didn't want to be here anymore and you left
You took my love and left.
You never saw the mountains and the trees.
You never watched the chipmonks run the deck rails
You ignored the deer that passed the cabin each mouning.
You never noticed when the oak trees turned from green to gold
You never felt the wonderment of winter's first snow.
You never saw, but everything for me is near here
the mountains, lakes and rivers are all around me.
You had only to look upon the tracks in the new fallen snow
to see how close my neighbors are.
As for the cold, it is but transitory
For within each within each winter, a summer sleeps.
And with summer coming there is warmth again.

The Roads' Scholar

A learning in back alleys,
in cluttered hallways
on littered streets
on crowded highways
on forgotten byways
on deserted pathways
learning, always learning
The Roads' Scholar.

67

Have I truly squandered my life, forfeiting happiness for dollar security?
This respite--I have become what I've never been
Perhaps sleep and a miraculous metamorphosis into a clear eyed resolution.
I need a purpose.
My sad loves; my sad friends and me, the saddest of all or so I perceive.
This is a junction at depth.
Will I rise? I hope so, for life holds purposes and meanings as yet
unexplored.
But for now--sleep--curative and in the darkness some rest from the
haunting thoughts.

6t

Finally I'm free,
Unchained, impervious to hurt and I can be hurt,
The focus gone, but the clarity of other things at night:
the owls and the bats unseen by Patch and Shadow
Possibilities existing beyond the dark and by day light:
The things that grow.
The trees that bend, the water that travels eternally
Out of the garbage pile, new life
alive, alive, alive.

Hobbled feet and the mind is connected
A layered brain striated and fixed
A rock outcropping, busting the evenness of a plateaued meadow
Society's pleasure resented.

Gamble on resurrection
That's gambling and deprivation

7
I pull the fog around me like a cloak,
Its wetness penetrates my artificial skin and I am cold.
But I'm unseen by stars or moon.
I'm unseen by chance lookers.
I'm unseen in my insanity.

77

Before the bones grow brittle
Before the wondering mind wanders off
Before enfeeblement entraps me

I must know

I must know

Lost memories of things never known
The servile animal, half lidded eyes
staring dumbly, the mouth full of grass
Years of servitude, boundaries unquestioned
Barbed limits and nothing beyond?

I must know

I must know

"Bare ruin'd choirs," "Speech after long silence"

Maybe, but

I must know

I must know

Have I never been touched?

Have I ever really touched?

I must know

I must know

Naked animal I come,

Polished? Maybe

Accoutrements and decorations

Imitations of laurels, but still the feet walk on fecal muck.

Who kills the mind; who accepts the bounty?

I must know (must?)

I must know

My animal, my animal, my beast.

Run free for just a short time

Know of "Ahela" spit out the grass and seek the blood of life.

Run naked in the sun marking seasons

Run naked for that is your inheritance

Unencumbered feel the caress of the wind

before it's too late

before it's too late

Look to the mountains.

Love is an evergy that is never used up.

Any pain, any feeling, any sense of being alive that stems from love must remain ever a part of some total process I care not to look at.

It's not something I want to analyze, scrutinize, or rationalize.

I therefore observe love as a well from which I occasionally draw water and despite the dangers that pollution brings

I'll drink for the well and savor the cool taste that comes from it.

The dangers set against even momentary ecstasy, hardly deserves reflection.

74

You give me no answers
to questions I haven't asked
Because the answers are yours to give freely and without pressure,
without a persuaded compulsion.

This face is me, every crease, every line marks the passage of time.
Look at me closely, one line for living, one line for labor, one line
for love.

Look at this face, the bruises, the hurt, the scars of time.
You tell me please if life is sublime.

It isn't you know.

Life takes its measure, but for me I'll help make it.

There's even a line for a moment of pleasure.

Don't tell me what I'm missing, just let me miss it.
 You do it, and keep what you're doing to yourself.
 Let me sit in the sunshine, drink beer and grow old.
 Far from the traffic, far from the market where people
 are bought and sold.
 Give me a numbness to avoid.
 I'll watch sunsets and sunrises, watch the moon grow old.
 Just me and the dogs, and my tale untold.
 Dull you say, perhaps you're right.
 But when I go to sleep I sleep all night.
 I awaken to birds, no clock rattles me.
 I awaken to a world unmarred by fantasy,
 My trees are real, my river runs full.
 There's meaning in life and that ain't no bull.
 You keep the rest the cars and the bars
 I'll take the mountains, the lakes and the stars.
 My clouds are real; they're not exhaust
 My waters run clear, no garbage is tossed.

The Inheritance

Why do I write
In honesty I have no answer,
Perhaps because I feel
Maybe, perhaps because I want some scion of civilization
to inherit the sense of what I've felt
and thereby elide feelings/words that consumed the hours.
Scion, bypass the irrelevant and go straight for the important hours
Those hours, a part of the allocation dictated by mortality
deserve an all consuming attention.
You'll recognize the hours by your attachment to them.
Love, creativity and a recognition of self
Lives within the brief hours.
Once the pattern is known, duplicate the moments, and you'll leave
no tracks in the wasted hours.

Tumult, the weaving of marginally clad bodies into an indiscernable tapestry.

For the reader, much more, for the bodies have inherited cultures diverse for the U.S.A.

Flesh that answers to rhythms not respectful to nationalities.

Wordless the dance, no expression for the feelings

The musical pulse translates, and the body responds

Feelings traverse distance in time and place;

and Tahitian nights forgive my chosen moment.

These humid nights demand something
Maybe not, perhaps the influence of the Southern Cross
Or the warm tropical air or the reverberating sounds of music
generated against skies that reluctantly relinquish day.

It's a strange world below the surface.
Finned citizens stare as if intruded upon.
They glide over coraled mountains, their colors livid of every shade
of the rainbow.
They watch as you watch, they locked in: you glassed in.
But the air runs out and you kick up and they glide on
Too bad you can only visit.

Camp Med

Camp for kids, organized sports, campfires, picturesque rites with native names an excellent mess hall, guides to instruct and keep safe your kids, to insure he/she doesn't lose his camp money, we issue beads (wampum) which the kid uses . The Big Chief arranges entertainment.